

Ots's Lamentation

AND A

VISION

that appeared to him since his Tryal : Over heard by one of his Keepers in his Chamber :
at the *Kings bench*,

A

SONG

To the Tune of *State and Ambition*.

I.

A Due to my Title, of Saviour o'th Nation
My Forty Commissions and Spanis: Black Bills,
My Twelve pounds a week and all hopes of Salvation,
Six Dishes a day which my Demons oft fills : (dom
Now Oats must be whipt through each County o'th King-
In each Corporation in Pillory must stand,
Out-face the Contempt of all Christiaus, and when done,
Must turn home for Tyburn, to hang and be Damn'd.

II.

I no God nor Devil believed nor feared,
Until since my Tryal one Night in the Goal,
A Legion of Fiends in my Chamber appeared
There over my Brazenfac'd Conscience did quale
They shewed all my Actions, my Bums and my Postures
As we us'd to scamper on Flock-beds and Flours ;
How I am the worst of all Sodomites Bastards,
I stuck to my Bums and kickt out all the Whores.

III.

Then Whitebread and Fenwick, brave Gavin and Harcourt,
Turner and Pickering, Coleman and Langorne
Ireland, Grove Sraely ; I deserve to hang for't,
And Stafford came bleeding and in the same form
Their heads in their hands, they quite round me removed
Blood sprung as from Fountains, where their heads had
This Vision with horror my Conscience reproved (stood,
They left all my Chamber besmeared with Blood.

IV.

No Mercy from God, nor from Man I can hope, for
Abus'd both my Country, my God and my King,
The Destruction of all I most falsely have sworn for
The most Loyal Families to ruin I did bring,

Yet am so Cafe-hardned ; I capnot repent it,
My soul is swelled bigger than it was before :
Black Treason or Murther, I still would attempt it,
Where I to be Damn'd, and hang'd at the Door.

V.

Toney and Sidney were first that Employ'd me,
Sent me to St. Omers a Plot for to find ; (me
They found me a Fool for their turn when they'd try'd
Zounds, I all the while left the Plot here behind,
Which Three parts o'th Nation with Toney had signed,
Resolv'd to Rebel and our King to dethrone ;
But his Stars by providence ours hath out-shined,
And let me like a Rogue to be hang'd all alone.

VI.

Twenty from St. Omers all proved me Perjur'd,
And Fifty from Staffordshire made it as plain,
Irelanddy'd wrongfully to my souls hazard,
And all that I swore against dyed the same ;
Besides, my own Evidence came in against me,
Call'd me Rogue, and spiller of Innocent Blood ;
Yet still I'll deny all to save those Advanc'd me,
Whose party maintains me with Gold, Drink & Food.

VII.

Then he like a Hogg fell to snorting I left him,
Ty'd up with his Irons and his bloody black soul,
Content to be Damn'd as Old Ton-y had taught him,
For Perjuried Murther, no Fiend e're so foul ;
Yet he must be hang'd for the honour o'th Nation
That Innocent Blood may not threaten the Crown
Of the King or Queen Mary, the Worlds Admiration,
Whose Scepter shall flourish and ne're tumble down.

FINIS.

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